

# How I Made My Garden Pay

## Sweet Peas Paid Off Her Mortgage

WHEN she was ordered to the country to try outdoor life, Mrs. A. A. Frost of Marblehead, Massachusetts, tried raising flowers for a living. Taking a farm that was for sale, she put the rent money into small payments on the farm-house, mortgaging it for the rest of the sum.

Mrs. Frost loved sweet peas; so, as soon as the frost left the ground, the garden, which had been well fertilized in the fall, was dug in trenches two feet wide and two feet deep. A layer of fertilizer was laid along the bottom and thoroughly sprayed. The trenches were then filled with soil, equal parts of loam, wood earth, and old manure.



The seeds were planted an inch apart, and a wire netting was made and put up for them to climb upon. Twice a week the ground was thoroughly watered. Each row was a separate color.

From the first the venture was a success, and the different kinds were used for different purposes—pink for weddings, purple and white for funerals, pink and salmon for card and evening parties.

When orders came from a distance, the flowers were packed in wet cotton wool, after being loosely bunched and tied with green moss, so that they kept fresh until they reached their destination.

Her sweet peas paid off Mrs. Frost's mortgage, and are enabling her steadily to save for a rainy day.

Mary Harrod Northend, Salem, Mass.

## A Woman Florist's Story

IT was in the fall of 1913 that I decided to enter into the florist business. Not having very much money to spend for flowers, I bought rose cuttings from a friend and rooted about three hundred, under a window in the open garden. In the early spring I transplanted

my roses into rows three feet apart. By the first of June they began to bloom. By advertising in our town paper I found a ready market for every rose I could cut, for socials, for the sick, and for funerals.

To my rose garden I added chrysanthemums, planting two hundred and fifty. These I sold at twenty-five and fifty cents a dozen.

In the fall of 1914 I had a greenhouse built, that cost about \$150. And with the money that I had taken in on roses during the summer I paid \$50 down, and the rest in monthly payments.

I then bought three hundred carnations, a few dollars' worth of bulbs, and some ferns. Then I was ready in a few weeks



to sell cut flowers from my greenhouse.

I made arrangements with the sexton at our city cemetery to save all the wire frames, the wreaths, crosses, etc., for me. They had formerly been carried away as trash. For these he did not charge anything.

I am now getting all the orders for cut flowers and wreaths for funerals that I can possibly fill. These

wreaths bring me from \$2.50 up to \$10.

I make my greatest profits from my summer flowers. I had roses blooming right along through the hottest part of the summer, when everybody else's were resting. I attribute this to the fact that I kept the top of the ground stirred regularly, thus keeping the moisture around the roots.

I did not have the city water put in until last summer.

I have paid for my greenhouse, helped pay the taxes on my home, and contributed to the support of the family.

Besides all these, I have gained perfect health. I believe any woman can do what I have done.

Mrs. O. P. Watkins, Weatherford, Texas.

HAVING a 40x60-foot lot in the rear of my home, I decided in 1914 to get a revenue from it with flowers. The rich soil is exposed to the sun all day.

I had at my disposal one hundred dahlia bulbs of ten varieties and ten dozen gladiolus bulbs of two colors, which had been increasing for three years. I planted the dahlias on the outside

of the lot, as these plants to bloom must have the sun. I made the hills three feet apart, and cut off the sprouts as they came up, leaving two or three of the strongest and best shoots, for the sake of larger flowers.

I found the best dressing to be a mixture of cow and horse manure, with a small amount of garden fertilizer placed in part of the hills to force them along for early flowers.

I planted a part in the last week of March, the balance two weeks later, and received the first blooms the 26th of June. They were the very first blooms in this vicinity, and I cut the last blooms on November 25.

I have seven large rose bushes of four



## She Keeps the Hotel Vases Full

colors that bloom freely and help out very much in furnishing necessary flowers to sell.

The gladiolus bulbs were planted in rows four feet from the dahlias. This left the center of the lot for rows of sweet peas, asters, zinnias, and ferns.

Living near a large beach resort with hotels, restaurants, and drug stores, I made contracts with the proprietors for the tables in their dining-rooms for one hundred dozen a week, to be delivered Wednesdays and Saturdays. At an average of fifteen cents a dozen blooms, for ten weeks' sales I received \$150. I also sold ten orders of dahlia bulbs at \$1 each. The net income for the season was \$160.

I found that dahlia bulbs can be drowned out by too much rain and bad drainage. The gladiolus grows and flowers best in a sandy soil.

I have three hot-beds in which to start some of the flowers earlier next season, and intend to increase the sales and revenue from the land.

Mary L. Brown, Revere, Mass.

JASPER SHAVER had watched one avenue after another close to him because of poor health. At last, broken in body, he went to bed. Then one day he read that out in the sunshine, even in the rain, lay the health that eluded him; and he got up. Without experience, without capital, at sixty he began to grow a garden. At seventy-seven he is a well man, commanding the respect of his associates, and supporting himself and sister from a half acre of an old creek-bed where the sole output had previously consisted of tin cans and defunct shoes.

Last year, on less than three square rods of ground, he raised and marketed \$40 worth of onions, and cleared the space in time to set out tomato plants, from which he netted \$30 before frost—a profit of \$70 from this one plot. He believes in rotation, so in the spring he put cabbage into this space. He plants radishes between rows of cabbage and of asparagus. Lettuce he grows up to Christmas. He raises beets, peas, rhubarb, and egg-plant with profit. He no longer attempts corn, melon vines, and such things as require a great deal of space.

A large profit comes from two beds of

## Grow Young by the Onion Bed



ever-bearing strawberries. After a heavy crop in the spring, these beds bear again in the fall great red berries, which he sells for twenty cents a box. It all came up to \$500 last year.

At first—and those were the days when his profits scarcely rose above \$30 a year—he irrigated his garden with a hand-pump. Then he put up a windmill; but even this did not furnish enough water. Finally he put in city water, and, doing much of the work himself, installed at a cost of \$100 a system of overhead irrigation.

Jasper Shaver is not all commercialism. Bordering his strawberry beds are well tended violet plants, and blooming flowers flank the tiny cottage where he and his sister live.

Catha Wells, Chillicothe, Mo.

## What He Does While He's Resting



E. M. PERENCHIEF is a carpenter. He works his good eight hours every day, and it takes him from one to two hours to get back and forth from his work, for his jobs are usually from ten to forty miles from his home. He has worked for one contractor every working day for seven straight years. Most carpenters would think that this entitled them to their slippers and fireside the minute they struck their front door. But this picture shows what Perenchief does while he's resting. Three years ago the Perenchiefs bought a lot. At night and on Sundays Mr. Perenchief busied himself building a wee bit of a house on the highest point of the lot. Then—“Somehow I got started gardening at odd

times,” says Mr. Perenchief, “and it got such hold on me I couldn't quit.”

There is no front or back yard to the Perenchiefs' house. Down near the street gate is the patch, about twenty feet square, from which Mr. Perenchief took last season four barrels of potatoes. Giant cauliflowers, beets, turnips, and carrots grow just across the path. Petunias climb over the low fence, and geraniums, salvia, and alyssum make borders for the vegetable patches. All about the house are flowers.

A vine-covered arbor leads to the one small outhouse hidden by shrubbery. And beyond, in the farthest corner, behind a flower-hung lattice, are a dozen or so pet chickens, which have allowed the Perenchiefs to buy but two dozen eggs in the past year.

Just before you discover this secluded little hen-yard you come to a simple small incinerator, where the refuse from the garden is burned and returned to fertilize the soil.

The place, all told, has cost less than a thousand dollars, and many a millionaire might envy it.

Bertha H. Smith, Los Angeles, Cal.